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CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE MARIPOSA RECITER.

BY MORRIS M. MURRAY,

Author of "The Phœnix Park Songster."

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An Hour in the Yosemite Valley.

Oh, thou queen of all waters, Yosemite Falls,
She lifts her voice and loud she calls,
Proclaiming to the world her sovereign sway,
Until the last the Judgement Day.

Oh, heavenly blessed braided bridal veil,
How meek and lovely you do sail,
With stunsails set, diffusing your spray
Like blessings from God, both night and day.

The bride is there, and her lover near by;
Her three brothers guard them with watchful eye,
Till the God of Nature makes his last call,
Then those brothers three and thee shall fall.

The domes are high in their heavenly sphere;
Both North and South they guard with care;
They guard the valley, falls and lakes;
There the voice of God forever speaks.

How sublimely grand those gigantic walls,
Those beautiful lakes, those beautiful falls,
That the God of Nature has chiseled and wrought;
As we ponder we're puzzled in sacred thought.

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It's all mysterious to the human mind;
How this valley was formed no man can find;
No man can find or ever will know,
For the God of Nature has ordered it so.

This valley would inspire the heathen to prayers,
Cause him to smile and then shed tears;
For above and all round it's plainly spoken
God shaped it thus for a friendly token.

This valley would inspire a man to song;
Not taste earthy food for nine days long;
But water bright, or red, red wine,
For those sights are inspiring and divine.

Sweetly I ponder on those beautiful sights,
And yet closer to heaven on those giddy heights,
It seems I might count just miles eleven,
From the El Capitan to the gates of heaven.

And now from this heavenly sight I'll retreat
To the foot of those hills where I own my estate,
Stocked with chipmunks and rabbits, foxes and hares,
And there I'll resume my worldly cares.

There I'll resume my worldly cares,
Full of joy and contentment read my prayers
With fervent thoughts the whole day through,
That God may grant me another view.

Murray's Medley of Thoughts.

In my youthful days I had peace and
With the sun's bright rays all around;
Now, in my olden days. I'm all in a maze,
And dark clouds all abound.

In my youthful days, us boys and girls
To the meadows sweet we'd go,
To pick the cowslips at our feet,
And see the primrose grow.

We'd pull those scented beauties,
Then hand and heart we'd go;
We'd kiss each other, like sister and brother,
With hearts and cheeks aglow.

We'd place our flowers all in a ring,
The fairies not to take,
And take a run or two for fun,
To hunt the corn crake.

And when our hunting was all o'er,
And the daisies sweet we tripped,
We'd gather up our flowers,
And homeward bound we skipped.

In playful mood along the road,
For all the girls were coy,
To tease the boys it gave them joys;
And each one had her boy.

Ah, but innocent mirth, it reigned supreme;
No sinful thoughts within,
Those virtuous girls, they dread no perils,
For their souls are free from sin.

Those innocent blue-eyed maidens
Dwell on the shamrock shore;
Oh, would to God I had Pharoah's rod!
I'd travel back once more,

And see those little maidens,
Where I used to want to go,

To play kiss in the ring, or some other thing;
Or thread the needle and sew.

Ah, but thousands of miles are we apart;
I'm on this golden shore;
I haven't enough of that golden stuff
To pay my passage o'er.

Oh, I oft'times wonder where's that girl
That used to give me the sweets,
When all in a string we'd play kiss in the ring,
In the middle of those streets.

Oh, I oft'times wonder where's that boy
That used to be jealous of me,
Because his tiny sweetheart
Would give me a kiss so free.

Perhaps, like me, he's pondering now,
And wonders where Murray can be;
Or perhaps he's dead, or perhaps he's wed
To that girl that kissed me free.

Well, I hope they both are happy,
In this world or in the next;
That jealous boy I did annoy,
Because he seemed so vexed.

Now, Tommy might not be half so mad,
For when Polly she kissed me free,
I gave them back to her again
With interest, one, two, three.

Now California it's my home,
But Ireland used to be;
And when a boy, full of mirth and joy,
With my juvenile company,

We'd build our houses out of mud,
  Build castles in the air,
And with buttercups and daisies sweet,
  We'd shingle our house with care.

With a nice clean yard and chicken coop,
  And blossoms hanging round,
It looked like some fairy mansion,
  But not a fairy mound.

And my tiny little sweetheart
  Was just as big as me,
And both as big as daddy's wig,
  And just the height of his knee.

Oh, I thought I was a great little man,
  And my love she was the cook;
And when I'd help to dish the dinner up,
  How happy then she'd look.

Our meat was berries of the best.
  And marsh mallow's cakes abound;
And we'd help ourselves to a dessert nice,
  Of the hawthorne bush all round.

Our tea, it was not China tea,
  Or Japanese Oolong;
But our coffee it was poppyheads;
  Oh, I think it was so strong.

But what I get to drink just now,
  It don't seem strong enough;
But I slip it down without a frown;
  Oh, I own it's horrid stuff.

It's whisky straight that keeps me here,
  As my finger tips right up,

I toast my lass, I drink my glass;
But the demon's in that cup.

It has ruined my pocket worse and worse,
My body or my soul;
It has kept me here for many a year,
But what's the use to growl.

Oh, I oft'times wonder if I will e'er
See my native land;
I love it true, although I do
Tread here on golden sand.

I'm working hard with head and hands,
To make a stake to go
And see that dear old country,
Where the shamrock green does grow.

For that the sod my father trod,
Now it covers up his bones;
And mother, too! Oh, Wira Stru!
It causes sighs and moans.

But I might have gold dust by the bushel,
And go see that dear old spot;
But tippling with my host of friends
Has made me quite a sot.

Oh, Erin dear, I love thee,
Though miles are we apart;
Oh, Erin dear, I love thee;
I feel the throb at my heart.

Oh, Erin dear, I love thee,
Though in exile I might be,
I see your beautiful meadows;
You're the gem of the dark blue sea.

Now, here's a ship, the anchor's weighed,
I see her bold jibboom;
She's bound for Ireland, the sailors say,
But for me there is no room.

She's a trim built craft from stem to stern,
And now I'll sing my song;
Is there no big hearted man on board,
To say "Murray, just come along."

A Pocket Miner's Prayers, and Mixed up Thoughts.

Oh, heavens forgive, I'm rude I say,
But cause my quartz this day to pay;
That I may use my gold scales
Pray scatter the gold all o'er my trails;
Oh, God, look down on the old Pioneer,
That has tunneled the mountains many a year,
And now exhausted neither money nor means
To buy my crackers, pork or beans.

Oh, gracious giver of all good things,
Fly over my claim with golden wings,
For my quartz is hard and tough to stope;
With an empty stomach, no beans, no pork;
Press those golden feathers into the soil,
That I may buy some meat to boil;
For my prospect's gone out, and my credit's gone in;
The grocer won't give me the weight of one pin.

Oh, heavens look down on the old Pioneer,
And grant him one pocket, his old heart to cheer,
For I know you're watching all our trails,
And we'll be judged in your just scales;

Oh, God, have mercy on us here,
And guide us through each succeeding year,
With all your kindness and a Father's love,
Until you summon us up above.

Forgive us; we're weak in virtuous ways;
We know you've numbered all our days
To just three score years and ten;
Then we go back to childhood again;
Then we're irresponsible for all our doings,
Until you call us from these earthly ruins;
From this noisy world of toil and strife,
Please give us a better and eternal life.

Oh, God of all Gods, you created Adam,
Gave us Eve for a mother, a saintly madam,
To replenish the earth for millions of years;
Oh, Father, pray dry your children's tears,
For our brothers and sisters, o'er the earth's broad span,
Are craving for food; have mercy on Man,
That you made to your likeness, placed Eve in the roll,
That we should be mortal, but immortal the soul.

Please teach the rich to grow frugal, not greedy,
And share what they can with the poor and needy;
May God inspire the rich man's heart
To charity that a few dollars they'll part,
To the widow, the orphan or broken heart,
And our gracious God. he will repay
With compound interest at last, I say,
For his angels take notes both night and day.

The poor man's road is rough and uneven,
For a few short years, till he goes to heaven,
Where earthly things of dross and gold,
In heaven are neither bought nor sold;
So whilst you're here divide it fair,
Amongst the poor, what you can spare,
And the angels all round thee will rejoice,
And respond to you in their heavenly voice.

And when your pilgrimage is o'er
In this earthly mart, and you leave this shore
For those peaceful realms where your kindred are
Waiting for you, their love to share,
Where one thousand years seems only a week,
Singing their heavenly chorus, mild and meek,
To make intercession for us below,
Till the soul from the mortal coil will go.

Now, brothers and sisters, here I stand,
I have traveled this world by sea and land,
And many good men and women I've seen
Since I bid farewell to the shamrock green;
But the average maiden the wide world o'er,
Is naught to the maids of the shamrock shore;
Their sacred virtue they never would yield,
But die, or from the demon shield.

Parsons and priests are good in their place,
To teach the youth in God's good grace,
But the clergymen all for the money they'll dive,
And skin the poor man while he's alive;
It 's few of them do just what they preach,
And very few do what they teach,
For I've known them to die worth thousands of
pounds,
Where cripples and orphans in their parish abound.

And whilst they lived it's charity they preached,
But their hand to the orphan they seldom reached;
But let us be kind to the clergymen, too,
They are all human, like me and you;
It's human nature for the money to grab,
I'd like it myself to get a small dab;
But money, wealth, work and labor,
Should be united, but money's the lever.

They say it makes the mare to go;
It helps the farmer to plough and sow;
It's very proper for a circulating medium,
And everybody seems to need 'em;
But in California fortune's wheel goes so,
To-day at the bottom, full of grief and woe;
But to-morrow on top, devoid of all care,
With lots of money to spend and spare.

Oh, I wish that my tunnel was one thousand feet
long,
And my shafts one thousand feet deep,
And the ore covered over with chispars of gold,
And the rock ready spauled at my feet;
I'd mill it up quick, while the stamps they would
click;
I'd amalgamate every pound; I'd invite all my
neighbors,
To eat, drink and be merry, be jabbers,
While the cam shaft was jogging around.

Broken hearts I'd heal up, o'er the gay social cup;
Convivial my friends all with me;
Old timers, young miners, and bold '49rs,
What a happy, gay lot we would be;

You may talk and pray, and say what you like,
But I'll delve away till a pocket I strike;
It will be the biggest pocket that ever was seen,
And then I'll marry my sweet Colleen.

So let me make just one more strike,
And I'll go home to my brother Mike;
For my pile I strike I'll amongst friends spend it free;
Now a mess of dry beans they begrudge to give me;
So the third and last time, oh, give to me,
And I promise a better old miner I'll be;
Or I'll settle right down on a homestead fine,
And never more drive a pick in a mine.

I know a brave miner, his name it is Mac;
He has tons of silver and gold in a stack;
He says he'll never forget, but often look back,
When he browned up his beans, and tossed his flapjack;
And now my good boys, around those cities awaiting,
Indulging in hopes, but yourselves you are cheating,
Just rush for those hills, where the water is sweet,
From the fountain of nature it runs at your feet.

Just rush for the mountains, hunt up your mines,
Just keep in sight of those snow-capped lines,
Where a man can work for himself or his neighbor,
Be a man among men, for it's holy to labor;
And some day, like brave Mackay, count your gold by the ton,
That perseverance, endurance and his muscle have won.

Now, with his big heart and hand many orphans
he feeds,
At the churches and schools they all know his good
deeds;
And his dear wife and daugh'er are always giving
Their aid to the poor, wherever they're living;
John W. Mackay I knew in my day,
When my locks they were golden, but now they are
gray;
He was upright and honest, and always worked
hard,
So I'll give him a toast, and he'll call me the bard

TOAST:

Here's to John W. Mackay, our friend and mil-
lionaire,
That worked the famous Comstock, with brawny
arms bare;
I wish his health prolonged to last,
His wealth increasing twice as fast;
And in the future as the past, the poor man gets a
share.

M. M. MURRAY.

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